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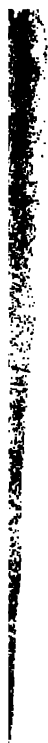
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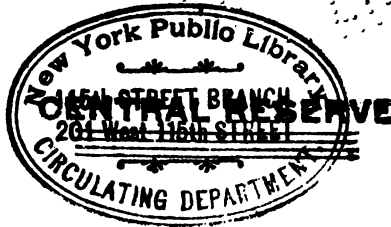
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LIVE ISSUES IN CLASSICAL STUDY

BY *C.C.*

KARL POMEROY HARRINGTON



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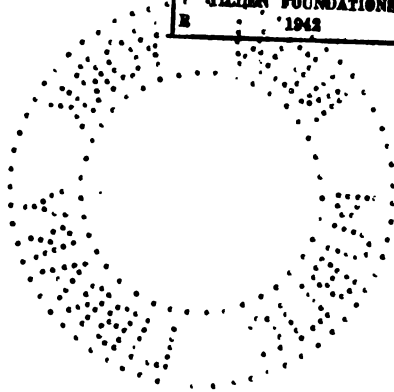
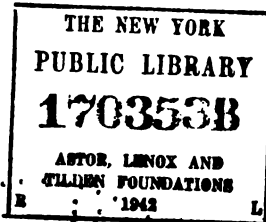
social education.

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PREFACE

In an age of educational unrest the present moment is vitally concerned with the present and future status of the classics. Classical Associations are springing up everywhere. Curricula are being made and unmade. German and English scholars are urging the broadening of the scope of Greek and Latin reading. Great metropolitan journals are protesting against discrimination by American colleges in the matter of material equipment to the disadvantage of the classics. Educational meetings are seriously discussing defects in classical teaching. If the essays in this little volume should contribute at all to the ultimate solution of some of these great problems, the author's modest hope would be fully realized.

Of the four essays here published, the second and third, previously printed respectively in the *Southern Methodist Review* and the *Classical Weekly*, have been revised and are here reproduced in the hope that thus they may reach a somewhat larger public.

KARL POMEROY HARRINGTON

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LIVE ISSUES IN
CLASSICAL STUDY

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DRY BONES AND LIVING SPIRIT

"What are you eating, my child?" said a lady to her little daughter, who came into the room visibly munching something.

"Cheese," was the smiling answer.

"Where did you get the cheese?" inquired her mother.

"In the mousetrap," was the frank response.

"Why! what will those poor little mice say when they come and find all their nice cheese gone?"

"There were two there just now, when I took it, and they did n't say a single word!"

There is no denying the fact that many people have studied the classics for a considerable length of time, and brought away from their study no more vital message than the child did from the dead mice. To such students the classics were merely dead, very dead, languages, — dead, with the dust of centuries heaped upon them. There was no word of life spoken by these musty and crumbling corpses, so far as their ears could detect. Yes, the classics were a veritable valley of dry bones, — bones of diphthongs and hidden quantities, bones of case endings and verbal inflections, bones of the tweedledum and tweedledee of absolute and relative temporal clauses, hideous great bones of indirect discourse, meaningless bones of ablative absolutes, monotonous bones of parasangs and what Cæsar did, — all mingled with the bleaching bones of the hopeless victims of pedagogical severity, the victims that had

perished at examination times in the vain attempt to classify these bones and assign them correctly to the prehistoric monstrosities to which they once belonged ; and the idea that any breath of modern, up-to-date life could ever have been clothed upon this bone yard seemed as impossible as did the miracle foretold to the Hebrew prophet of old in answer to the query, "Can these dry bones live?"

That a similar sentiment is quite common among those that have never made the acquaintance of the classics at all goes without saying. And in our day and generation, when the prevailing criterion for estimating the importance of a rule for the dative case is its potential earning power, expressed in terms of dimes, cents, and mills, it is not surprising if the impression that the classics are nought but dry bones is somewhat widespread in this land of the worship of the almighty-dollar Moloch.

The danger is ever increasing that the typical Roman schoolboy whom Horace describes as spending his whole energy in learning to divide the monetary unit of his day into a hundred parts, will be duplicated in the typical American schoolboy of our times. Away from the classics has seemed to be the trend during the last few years, especially in the older parts of the country. Colleges are ceasing to require Greek for any course, and some give beginning courses in Greek. Schools are accordingly ceasing to prepare in Greek, and are dropping it from their curriculum. The size of freshman Greek classes is visibly affected by this process. Whether Latin, too, may be relegated to the limbo of optional requirements, not merely for the arts degree, but also for admission to college in any course,

and whether colleges may come to begin their Latin teaching with the Latin alphabet, are conundrums calculated to bring many a forefinger into titillative contact with its owner's scalp.

Latin, to be sure, has enjoyed, and still enjoys, a more than feline vitality. Although technically more dead than Greek, which is still spoken, and always has been spoken at Athens, it is practically for the great world of modern civilization a more living force: through the Romance languages and through the large element of the English language which is really Latin without its terminations; as a necessary basis, up to the present time, of what is generally recognized as "liberal" education; as the foundation of all the most important science and literature of Europe; and as a living, written language, both technical and literary, among all the European nations during all the twenty centuries since Cicero.

But though, during the earlier period of the development of American education, Latin occupied a relatively high place in popular esteem, it was never pursued here with the thoroughness of Old World methods, and our classical scholars have usually been treated with a patronizing smile by European savants. Now, more than ever, with the present tendency to exalt the eye, ear, nose, arm, toe, above the reason, it is not surprising to learn that the Rhodes scholars from America have won the high jump, the broad jump, and the distance run, but have not at any time come perilously near winning anything in Greek or Latin.

If classical men, classical teachers especially, are to be candid, — and who is more candid than a teacher? — they

will admit that sometimes there has been cause for the disfavor which Greek and Latin study have so often met in this active civilization of ours. Although not prepared to agree that training is as valuable as education, or that carpentry should count for the arts degree as much as Aristotle, we need not deny that some classical teaching has been dry, that some teachers have been lifeless, and that too often an intelligent effort to adapt methods to the conditions under which we live has been lacking.

What then is to be our next move? Are we to mount the fence with mouth agape and gaze at the passing procession? Or shall we climb up into close proximity to the horns and trombones? And, rather than stop too long to debate the question whether it would comport well with our very ancient and honorable dignity, might it not be well even to lay violent hands upon a piccolo, or possibly a bass drum, and proceed to announce audibly that we are still here, right in line, — not back there, sitting on the fence and reviling the procession?

For classical devotees have no occasion to sell their birthright, and even teachers of the classics are as yet under no grim necessity of sitting down to die. Some of our contemporaries, indeed, — scientists, or modern-language men, or educational faddists of some type, — would have it understood that the classics are already dead and buried, so far as pedagogical value or interest is concerned. Mr. Flexner, in his recent discussion of the American college, sums up his results after the post-mortem examination of the supposed corpse as follows: "The classical curriculum went to pieces because it had long since served its purpose. . . . Nothing tangible depends

on Greek and Latin, they lead nowhere. . . . Sheer discipline, whether of the classical or any other kind, cannot give us the type of educated man that modern society needs. I say it leads nowhere; it does not connect individuals with concrete opportunities."

Fortunately, however, the classics have a stronger hold than those who are running with the new procession are aware. Probably more boys and girls are studying Latin to-day in America than ever before. Even Greek has not been entirely thrown overboard; and in the educational prognostications of the near future there may be expected, "along about this time," in the phrase of the good old almanacs, some reaction against the arrogance of those who would oust Greek entirely from modern concern. Some important readjustments in the amounts, proportion, methods of classical study in our college curricula have been made; but the classics have not disappeared from college halls. The New England colleges have refused, as a rule, to remove them altogether from the list of required subjects. At Princeton and Chicago they are on the high tide of enthusiastic interest and attention. Not only in such great institutions as Cornell and California have they made a conspicuous place for themselves during the years against great odds, but the great state universities of the Middle West, like Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, are devoting large sums of money and much care to making their classical departments stand on an even footing with the great technical schools by their side.

In dealing with the questions of the value and the future of the classics in education we should strive to attain the *aurea mediocritas* of that practical man of the world,

Horace, who at the same time represents the highest type of literary culture of the Augustan age. Careful definitions are needed, not vague or rash generalizations, condemnations, assumptions, or prophecies. On the one hand, classical men have welcomed the broader outlook and more practical application of classical study to twentieth-century conditions. On the other, the immense practical value of classical study must be acknowledged by all sincere seekers for truth. The preposterous notion that the classics "lead nowhere" should be offset with a consideration of the generally acknowledged principle that what is most needed in the training for any business or professional life is the cultivation and acquirement of the power to think for one's self. The idea that there is any better field in which to exercise the mental faculties and gain this power of independent thought than in the study of the classics must be attacked without gloves. Is accuracy of observation desired? It can be gained as well in distinguishing the minutiae of inflectional endings, genders, and quantities, as in mixing liquids in a glass dish. Is mental vigor in wrestling with a complex problem sought? What can test it better than being presented before a Latin period of many clauses, moods, tenses, cases, each one of which must be coördinated, subordinated, in one correct way, in its proper relation to the whole, — must, so to speak, be ticketed and put into its own cubby-hole, and then taken out again and arranged in its correct position before symmetry and sense will be complete? Is it breadth of view that we should have? The student of a Latin lesson, before he has mastered it, is liable to be called upon to consider and investigate form, syntax, synonym, elegance of

expression, in at least two languages, history, geography, mythology, antiquities, and general linguistics. Is it originality that is the aim? It does not take half the effort to strike out on a new line and make a new discovery in the comparatively modern sciences that it does in the realm of classical study and research, where the ground has been already carefully covered by the great scholars of many centuries. No! If you would have a youth gain the power to grasp any difficult problem with a well-trained mind, let him study the classics faithfully and with a purpose. How can one trained merely to a particular trade compete with such a mind, whether the training has been acquired in an apprenticeship or in a "school"?

It is as yet quite too early to estimate accurately what the new learning without the classics, so earnestly preached upon many a housetop, will achieve for culture, business success, or scientific precision. For the present generation was almost entirely educated classically, and has used its power thus acquired to achieve the great material success that has been won, as well as to revile its teacher. The great modern structure of science has been built by classically educated men upon the classical foundation. If we could get a generation trained only in modern languages, or sciences, by itself, we might be able to form some idea of what it could achieve, and what might be its leading characteristics and its superiority or inferiority. But as yet we have no data to show that the claims made for such an education would be realized. We are, however, beginning to notice, be it remarked in passing, something of what the practice *versus* the theory of giving a boy his own sweet will from the word "go" will effect in educational

institutions themselves. Look at the facts. Does the boy aim for culture or for dollars? Study the proportions in class statistics and note what part of the class goes into business and what part into a profession. Does he industriously pick out the subjects that best fit his particular "bent," or does a class follow fads like a flock of sheep, taking such courses as are popular on account of their ease, or the personal geniality of the instructor, or their novelty? Does he now get into the honor lists at graduation better than when forced to study more of the classics, or do the honor lists decrease? Does he wisely give sport the proper place in his curriculum, or does that monopolize the best part of his strength and interest, leaving comparatively little vigorous enthusiasm for the main concerns of education? Does he now become well informed on the great problems of life, or is it more apt to be upon the contents of that peculiar American abomination, the thick Sunday newspaper? Too near the truth, alas! is Mr. Flexner, when he says, "The college has come down from the mountain; it dwells among men." For in places, and at times, it seems as if it had ceased to be a city set on a hill, to draw men up to its light, and had rather been pulled down to the level of the mob, on the joyless plains below.

Teachers of the classics know — they do not simply opine, they know — that a classical education is invaluable for mental training and for an appreciation of history, literature, and all that makes an intelligent and cultured life for a good citizen. They know that there is no substitute for Greek and Latin in combining all the disciplinary, civilizing, and humanizing elements that appertain

to study. One cannot rub up against Greek sculpture in French, nor against Roman law and the development of political institutions in German, nor against ancient philosophy in Spanish. And if he studies English and English literature indefinitely, he is still handicapped without a classical basis beneath him, when he tries to understand its countless relations and direct references to the literature, mythology, biography, political development, and social customs of those two races upon whose civilization has been reared the structure of the world of the twentieth century. Nor can he hurry through a few translations of standard classical writers and accomplish the same result as that achieved through a regular classical education, any more than he can take a Pullman car across the continent and back, and then write intelligently of the land, its people and their customs, their morals and their civilization. He must rather take time and care to get down into the life of the people, to associate with them in their everyday affairs, and to absorb their spirit. There are indeed other tiny pebbles upon the educational strand; but Greek and Latin are boulders in comparison with their would-be petrean associates at the edge of the ocean of knowledge!

Naturally enough, nobody appreciates these facts quite as well as the classical teachers themselves. There is, to be sure, a gratifying comity in evidence in the educational world; but every cause must furnish its own champions. It is Yale that shouts for Eli, and Princeton for old Nassau. Who is to "holler" for the classics except classical men? Yet, while it may not be denied that they are probably sufficiently self-satisfied, they don't exactly do it.

They hate to hustle for business among the throng. It is easier and more dignified to sigh gently and deprecate the signs of the times. But if there is to be any new life infused into these dry bones, classical men are the wizards to do the trick. How, then, is it to be done?

1. By improved pedagogical methods. Many signs of progress can here already be discerned. Textbooks to-day are greatly superior to those of a generation ago, in plan, illustrative material, linguistic accuracy, attractiveness. Archaeology is becoming more and more the handmaid of language in relation to Greece and Rome. The lantern has become an instrument of great power to vivify the people and places and things with which classical texts deal, and its use can be infinitely extended. The curriculum is being wisely extended to include many courses in ancient politics, law, private life, religion, art, and other subjects appealing to present-day thinkers. An hour in the Latin or Greek classroom does not mean a grammatical quiz so much as it used to, — sometimes, possibly, not so much as it should, for extremes in tendencies are ever the failing of frail human nature. More emphasis is being placed on the ability to read the language and master it for general purposes of pleasure and profit. These tendencies will be wisely followed out in the teaching of the future.

2. Many a comparison can be instituted between ancient and modern life, to make more vivid the ancient history and to teach the lesson of the meaning of modern trends. Most instructive is the comparison of movements in Roman days — political, social, or religious — with similar movements in our own days. Put Sicily and Hawaii side by side, if you would keep a class on the *qui vive*. Consider the divorce

problem in the days of the Roman Empire and in the opening years of the twentieth century. Inquire into the conditions of demoralizing luxury then and now. Parallel the Roman and the American senates. You will see nobody going to sleep under this process, and the extent to which such comparisons are possible is hardly yet realized.

3. A much wider human interest can be given to the study of Greek and Latin by wisely broadening the scope of the literature handled. There is an immense amount of untasted delicacies in the literatures, ancient and medieval, written in the classic languages, to whet the appetite and delight the literary palate of the learner. The world of scholars is beginning to awake to the possibilities of the wider field of reading. But more of this in another chapter.

4. That there should be an important change in the attitude of classical teachers is essential. There are, indeed, already evidences that it is beginning to be realized that no merely defensive campaign, like the traditional one of the generations past, will suffice. No contented air of superiority, or references to the "splendid discipline" gained from the classics, will alone win the day. The time has surely come to carry the ball into the enemy's territory, and, even if "downed" once, twice, or thrice, to make the required distance and keep control of the play. An aggressive campaign always and everywhere in behalf of classical study should be the order of the day.

What an inspiring wealth of material the classics afford with which to build a castle of fairy beauty before the eye of imagination in a young, ambitious pupil with the long, long thoughts of youth before him and the choice of a career to come! How easy it is to emphasize the general

agreement between teachers of science, modern languages, and even technical branches, that the classics make the best basis for the most successful study of their special subjects! How foolish not to urge at all times the enormous positive disciplinary value of the classics in acquiring a mastery of English, whether for public speech, literary work, or everyday culture! For example, the very elaborateness of structure of the Latin language, so unlike English, renders it peculiarly adapted to concentrate the attention upon the details of form, structure, and expression in English, and is thus much better suited to develop a mastery of English and a practical English style than is any modern language, or the study of English alone. This principle of teaching by parallels, and especially by contrast, has not been sufficiently emphasized in pedagogical thought. Boys and girls learn their own language naturally, by mere rote, without any analysis, and frequently without any understanding of the grammatical forms and structure which they glibly utter in everyday life. And grammatical analysis is irksome when it begins to be required, for it seems unnecessary to the young minds that feel already able to use the language as well as those about them use it. They think of grammar as an abstract science. But by comparing such a language as Latin the interest in the most correct, emphatic, and elegant forms of expression is awakened and developed. Most of the great thinkers, writers, and speakers of English have been through this experience, and the wonder is that many are so blind to it, sometimes even after having experienced it in their own lives. There was Macaulay, with his remarkable memory and mind, so well read and

trained in the Greek and Latin classics, and so enthusiastic over them that he used to review them constantly throughout his life. Yet even he seems at times to have lost sight of their inevitable power. In the biography of that magnificent orator, William Pitt, he writes :

To modern literature Pitt paid comparatively little attention. He knew no living language except French ; and French he knew very imperfectly. With a few of the best English writers he was intimate, particularly with Shakespeare and Milton. . . . His education, indeed, was well adapted to form a great parliamentary speaker. One argument often urged against those classical studies which occupy so large a part of the early life of every gentleman bred in the south of our island is, that they prevent him from acquiring a command of his mother tongue, and that it is not unusual to meet with a youth of excellent parts who writes Ciceronian Latin prose and Horatian Latin Alcaics, but who would find it impossible to express his thoughts in pure, perspicuous, and forcible English. There may, perhaps, be some truth in this observation. But the classical studies of Pitt were carried on in a peculiar manner, and had the effect of enriching his English vocabulary, and of making him wonderfully expert in the art of constructing correct English sentences. His practice was to look over a page or two of a Greek or Latin author, to make himself master of the meaning, and then to read the passage straight forward into his own language. This practice, begun under his first teacher, Wilson, was continued under Pretymen. It is not strange that a young man of great abilities, who had been exercised daily in this way during ten years, should have acquired almost unrivaled power of putting his thoughts, without premeditation, into words well selected and well arranged.

Macauley need not have made even that modest concession to the attack of the enemies of the classics. He should have known that William Pitt's education in the classics was merely an exaggeration of what he himself and practically all well-educated Englishmen had enjoyed ; and that he could scarcely call over the names of the politicians, churchmen, and men of letters who have made

England great, without at the same time showing the practical results of a thorough classical education.

Even more important, interesting, and effective is the argument based upon the inestimable value, the indispensable nature, of a classical education for an appreciation of the world's best thought as embodied in the best literature. For surely it is only by communing with the best thought of the world's best thinkers that we can hope to get the best out of life. Honorable and valuable as is the ability to create a perfectly fitting horseshoe or a finely balanced snow shovel, can the pleasure derived from it be compared for a moment to that of sharing the most beautiful and the most noble thoughts of the greatest thinkers among mankind? The young man looking forward to the happy life of an educated man, expecting to enjoy in his own home some of the fruits of his education, not merely to make money out of it, should be led to realize how common it is for business men, to say nothing of those in the professions, to regret that they cannot enjoy the best literature even in their own tongue.

It is idle to argue that the best in Greek and Latin literature is accessible in English translations. Really to reproduce a work of literature in another language is impossible; for all that is most essential, delicate, and intangible in expression, form, and spirit vanishes as soon as another version is attempted by another mind. Put yourself in the place of the foreigner. Take your "Hamlet," your Mr. Dooley, your "Hiawatha," in a German or Russian translation. Would you be satisfied? The thing is absurd. Here, for example, is an edition of Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" in parallel German and English. The

translation is well done, as such things go. Opening at random, the first line that strikes your eye at the top of the page may be,

My wife is slippery?

for which the parallel German reads, on the opposite page,

Mein Weib sei ungetreu?

with all the force of the original figure gone. A little lower down comes the phrase,

horsing foot on foot;

and the German — on foot, certainly, rather than on horse-back! — reads

setzen Fuss auf Fuss!

Turning the page, we continue,

ay, and thou,
His cupbearer, — whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and reared to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am galled, — mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Under this the German staggers thus:

ja wohl, und du,
Sein Mundschenk, — den aus nieder'm Stand ich hob
Zu Rang und Würden, der so klar es sieht,
Wie Himmel Erde sieht und Erde Himmel,
Wie ich gekränkt bin, — kannst der Becher würzen,
Der meinem Feind ein ew'ger Schlaftrunk würde,
Mir stärkend Heilmittel.

Or let us try to get the idea, the other way around, for example, of this stanza sung by Autolycus thus in the German version:

Wenn Kesselflicker im Lande leben,
 Und wandern mit Russ geschwärzt;
 So darf ich doch auch noch Antwort geben,
 Und im Stock selbst wird wohl gescherzt.

Do we not get new light when we read the original ?

If tinkers may have leave to live,
 And bear the sowskin budget,
 Then my account I well may give,
 And in the stocks avouch it?

Not all English translations of Latin originals are as atrocious as this interesting example of how Mulcaster, the English schoolmaster of the Elizabethan Age, tried to English his own Latin poem on the death of his queen :

As good Elizabeth raignes most happie now in heaven,
 So happy may King James raigne long with us on earth;
 And as she did avoid the Jesuites' treacherous traines,
 Whereby she got her grave in dire and quiet death,
 So good King James goe late to God, and slip their snares;
 For if thou stick'st to God, they'l not sticke to sticke thee!

Yet how few can represent to any satisfactory degree the melody, the imagination, the delicate turns of thought of the original! Which of the great masters of English poesy who have tried their hand at it has been able to do justice to Horace's stanzas ?

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa
 perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
 grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam,
 simplex munditiis? Heu quotiens fidem
 mutatosque deos flebit et aspera
 nigris aequora ventis
 emirabitur insolens.

Even Milton, the incomparable word painter, fails to measure up to the charm of the original. What is a translation to do with that colossal onomatopœia of the music of the spheres in Lucretius ?

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
processit longe flammantia moenia mundi
atque omnia immensum peragravit mente animoque.

Goldwin Smith renders it thus :

Past the world's flaming walls his venturous mind
Through the unmeasured universe pressed on ;

Mallock, thus :

His spirit broke beyond our world and past
Its flaming walls, and fathomed all the vast.

In either case the majesty is gone.

If you try Catullus when he sings :

Te suis tremulus parens
invocat, tibi virgines
zonula soluont sinus,
te timens cupida novus
captat aure maritus,

you will see how baffling is his music.

Certain failure awaits the attempt to reproduce Ovid's merry echo :

Forte puer, comitum seductus ab agmine fido,
dixerat " ecquis adest ? ", et " adest ! " responderat Echo.
hic stupet, atque aciem partes dimittit in omnes,
voce " veni ! " magna clamat : vocat illa vocantem.

In any translation what becomes of the bubbling fun of Plautus ? Thensaurochrysonicochrysides vanishes into bathos ; and our old friend Sagaristio, the " Vaniloquidorus,

Virginisvendonides, Nugipalamloquides, Argentumexterebronides, Tedigniloquides, Nummosexpalponides, Quodsemelarrripides, Numquampostreddonides," is transformed into a stupidly prosaic thief no more like the original than "pious Æneas" is like "pius Aeneas" !

A great work of art is revealed in a carefully rounded Ciceronian period. Listen while he appeals to the judges to confirm for Archias the citizenship he had so long rightfully possessed :

Quae cum ita sint, petimus a vobis, iudices, si qua non modo humana, verum etiam divina in tantis ingeniis commendatio debet esse, ut eum qui vos, qui vestros imperatores, qui populi Romani res gestas semper ornavit, qui etiam his recentibus nostris vestrisque domesticis periculis aeternum se testimonium laudis daturum esse profitetur, estque ex eo numero qui semper apud omnis sancti sunt habiti itaque dicti, sic in vestram accipiat fidem, ut humanitate vestra levatus potius quam acerbitate violatus esse videatur.

But while this commands our admiration in its original form, anything like a faithful reproduction of that form in English is a tedious performance, and something to be carefully avoided in the shaping of an English style.

Even if it were possible — as it surely is not — to secure a reproduction of such a passage in one's own vernacular, there must still be inevitable failure to gain an intimacy with the thought, the life, the people, the influence, of Greece and Rome, which requires time and close association. But this very intimacy is also essential if a gentleman of culture is to be able to sit down in his library after dinner and enjoy the best English literature. He takes down his Chaucer, for instance, and begins the Prologue, reading in the fifth line,

Whan *Zephirus* eek with his swete breeth,

and finds himself immediately transported back into the atmosphere of Vergil. He reads on here and there :

On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after *Amor vincit omnia* ;

Wel knew he the olde *Esculapius*
And *Deyscorides*, and eek *Risus* ;

Thanne hadde he spent al his philosophie,
Ay, "*Questio quid iuris*," wolde he crie ;

And also war him of a *Significavit*.

As he continues, the Knight's Tale comes first in order after the Prologue, and he finds himself at once occupied with the tales of classic literature, with Theseus, Athens, Hippolyte, Venus, Cithæron, Narcissus, Medea, Hercules, Turnus, Circe, Cupid, Mars, in the midst of which, without the classic education, he is like a cat in a strange garret. It is needless to weary the reader's patience with further Chaucerian examples, which abound on every page. Chaucer is simply saturated with the classic spirit.

A reader without any familiarity with the mythology and accompanying imagery of the classic writings could, to be sure, painfully search out the recondite meanings in classical dictionaries and other repositories of such lore. But it would be a tedious thing to read Spenser in that way, and much of the picture that he paints would be but a hazy outline, as compared with the scene that rises before the classically educated man as he reads :

He bade awake blacke *Plutoe's* griesly dame ;

Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight ;

there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In silver dew his ever-drouping hed ;

Phæbus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill ;

Now when the rosy-fingred morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithones* saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deaway aire,
And the high hills *Titan* discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed ;

As many forms and shapes in seeming wise
As ever *Proteus* to himself could make ;

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
And *Proserpina*, the Queene of hell ;

And thundring *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre ;

And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus* hole ;

They pas the bitter waves of *Acheron*
Where many soules sit wailing woefully ;
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton* ;

Before the threshold dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along ;

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin ;
And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labor lin ;
Where thirsty *Tantalus* hong by the chin ;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw ;
Typhæus joynts were stretched on a gin ;
Theseus condemnd to endless slouth by law ;
And *fifty sisters* water in leake vessels draw ;

And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great *Romulus*, the grandsyre of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and stubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and sterne *Marius*,
High *Cæsar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*;

Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites have made them mad;

Sometimes dame *Venus* selfe he seems to see;
But *Venus* never had so sober mood:
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be;
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee;

The woody nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*;

And all the troupe of light-foot *Naides*;

Such one it was, as *that renowned snake*
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
Long fostered in the filth of *Lerna* lake;
Whose many heads out budding ever new
Did breed him endless labour to subdew;

For harder was from *Cerberus* greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, etc., etc.

Such passages, picked up here and there from the first book merely, show how dull reading Spenser would be without the knowledge of the classics.

Take down your Shakespeare and begin to read Macbeth's soliloquy before his awful deed:

Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep ; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.

But what are "pale Hecate's offerings," and what is meant by the expression "Tarquin's ravishing strides" ? How inane a mass of words such a passage becomes when the key to it is lost in antiquity !

Pick up Bacon's essays and read the immortal discourse on "Friendship," and realize how meaningless such writing is to a reader without the classical education : "For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate, in regard of some ill Presages, and specially a Dreame of Calpurnia ; This Man lifted him gently by the Arme, out of his Chaire, telling him, he hoped he would not dismisse the Senate, till his wife had dreamt a better Dreame. And it seemeth, his favour was so great, as *Antonius* in a letter, which is recited *Verbatim*, in one of Cicero's *Philippiques*, calleth him *Venefica, Witch* ; As if he had enchanted *Cæsar*. *Augustus* raised *Agrippa* (though of meane Birth) to that Heighth, as when he consulted with *Mæcenas*, about the Marriage of his daughter *Iulia*, *Mæcenas* tooke the Liberty to tell him ; *That he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life, there was no third way, he had made him so great*. With *Tiberius Cæsar*, *Seianus* had ascended to that Height, as they Two were tearmed and reckoned, as a Paire of friends. *Tiberius* in a Letter to him saith ; *Haec pro amicitia nostra non occultavi* : And the whole Senate, dedicated an Altar to Friendship, as to a *Goddesse*,

in respect of the great Dearenesse of *Frendship*, between them Two. The like or more was between *Septimius Severus* and *Plautianus*," — and so on, and so on. True, you may have read something of Cæsar and Augustus and the rest of them in history ; but how stupid is a passage like this without the ability to transport yourself in thought, with a full understanding of the surroundings, back into the very midst of the scenes there conjured up by Bacon !

Try Milton. Begin the " L' Allegro " :

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of *Cerberus* and blackest Midnight born
In *Stygian* cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept *Euphrosyne*,
And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely *Venus*, at a birth,
With *two sister Graces* more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore.

But hold ! Who is " Cerberus " ? Where is the " Stygian cave " ? Pray what is a " Cimmerian desert " ? Can it be located on a Rand-McNally atlas ? Who are these people with hard names to pronounce ? And did Bacchus wear ivy for any special purpose ? Alas ! we are in the classical maze again, and need the thread of classic lore to lead us out into the open. Does the professor of English literature look with complacency upon the possibility of being

obliged to introduce students to such poems without premising a classical education ?

Turn the pages and read in "Comus" :

I have oft heard
My mother *Circe* with the *Sirens* three
Amidst the flowery-kirtled *Naiades*
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in *Elysium* : *Scylla* wept,
And chid the *barking waves* into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmured soft applause.

It is the same story. Here comes the "Lycidas," and once more you read :

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams ; return Sicilian muse.

If you try "Paradise Lost," you are soon floundering about amid such phrases as, "*Ceres* ripe for harvest" ; "*Aurora's fan*" ; "voice mild as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes" ; "pilot, from amidst the *Cyclades Delos* or *Samos* first appearing, kens a cloudy spot" ; "in *Pontus*, or the *Punic* coast, or where *Alcinous* reign'd" ; "like *Pomona's* arbour" ; "the first goddess feigned of *three that in Mount Ida naked strove*." And how far short we come of thorough insight into the thought of Milton, if we have no knowledge of Latin, when we roll under our tongues such words and phrases as "alimental recompense," "humid exhalations," "mellifluous," "concoctive heat to transubstantiate," "love unlibidinous reigned," "corporal nutriments," "celestial tabernacles" !

Not merely in the older English literature, but in all the master works of later periods as well, as the reader

roves at will he still finds himself everywhere lost without the classics to interpret or to paint the scenes for him. Now you are with Keats in his "Ode to a Nightingale," where he sings :

light-winged *Dryad* of the trees ;
Tasting of *Flora* and the country green ;
Full of the true, the blushful *Hippocrene* ;
Lethe-wards had sunk.

The famous odes, "On a Grecian Urn," "Fancy," and "To Psyche," are in subject classic and abound in classic phrase, as, for example :

Dulcet-ey'd as *Ceres'* daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide ;
With a waist and with a side
White as *Hebe's*, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And *Jove* grew languid.

Indeed, to look through the works of Keats is, from start to finish, to encounter the classics at every turn of the page. You are among *Syrinx*, *Arcadian Pan*, young *Narcissus*, *Echo's* bale, *Latmus's* top, *Dian's* temple, sparkling *Heli-con*, *Baïæ's* shore, the wrong'd *Libertas*, *Clio's* beauty, with the rest of the classic beings trooping merrily around you. It is hardly worth while to multiply instances of the classical allusions of Keats. His most ambitious poems, "Endymion," "Hyperion," and "Lamia," are all built

on a Greek foundation and finished with Greek adornments in a Greek atmosphere. His friends and enemies alike recognized his devotion to the spirit of ancient Greece. "He was a Greek," exclaimed Shelley. He was accused of versifying the classical dictionary of Lemprière; and his recent editor, Selincourt, attributes much of his inspiration for his early work to the Elgin marbles, and an important part of his stock in trade to the "Metamorphoses" of Ovid.

To read Shelley is one long revel in classical mythology and learning. As the blue waters themselves, in the "Ode to the West Wind,"

Beside a pumice isle in Baiæ's bay,
saw in sleep old palaces and towers,

so the reader, with eyes closed, seems to wander among the men of ancient days. The poems are introduced by quotations from Lucretius, Moschus, Plato; for Shelley was ever reading the classics and absorbing their beauties. In the year 1816, for example, his classical reading included Theocritus, Æschylus, Plutarch, Lucian, Lucretius, Pliny, and Tacitus. His notes quote passages from more unfamiliar writers here and there. The "Prometheus Unbound" was written in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, and pictures the gods in the regions of classic mythology. And such titles as "The Witch of Atlas," "Œdipus Tyrannus," "Epipsychidion," "Adonais," "Hellas," "Otho," betray the enthusiasm of the author for the classic world. Vergil's sixth book is quite indispensable for a good understanding of such poems as the "Epipsychidion" and the "Adonais." Read first the fourth eclogue of Vergil,

and then can you with delight peruse the "Hellas" as Shelley's imagination speaks :

The world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far ;
A new Peneus rolls its fountains
Against the morning star ;
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be —
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free,
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendor of its prime :
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
Shall burst, etc.

If you are to understand what the poet means, how necessary, too, the Latin background for such expressions as these :

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits ;

The *sanguine* Sunrise, with his meteor eyes ;

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning *zone*,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl.

If unconvinced, try the stanzas of the "Ode to Liberty," and run over such titles as "Arethusa," "Song of Proserpine," "Hymn of Apollo," "Hymn of Pan," and "Orpheus."

Without Latin, Addison is impossible. To say nothing of his elegant Latin poems, his "Dialogues on Medals" are to a large extent made up of passages quoted from the Latin classics. His chief drama is the "Cato." His travels are steeped in the classics. His minor poems are largely translations from Vergil and Ovid, and his celebrated essays in the various series in the *Whig-Examiner*, the *Tatler*, and the others are constantly prefaced by Latin passages for texts, and interlarded with countless classical quotations and references.

Without a first-hand knowledge of Latin and Greek the reader will frequently find an impassable barrier erected to his appreciation of the "Biographia Literaria" of Coleridge, as is indicated indeed by the very title. And even the "Ancient Mariner" is preceded by a Latin passage of some lines, giving the key to the thought.

It would be a work of supererogation to recount in detail the points of contact between Pope's poetry and his classical models. A mere glance at the table of contents

in a volume of his complete poems suffices to show how all his verse was based on classic originals or pervaded with the classic spirit. The pastorals imitated from Theocritus and Vergil, the imitations of Horace, the translation of the "Iliad," the various translations and imitations from Ovid, Statius, Hadrian, Martial, and others are, to be sure, most unlike their originals. But even where there is no excuse of original form Pope finds it hard to break away from the classic models. So in the comparatively short "Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day" we must needs hear of Amphion, "the Nine," Morpheus, Argo, Pelion, Phlegethon, Sisyphus, Ixion, Furies, Elysian flowers, Eurydice, Proserpine, Styx, Hebrus, Mæander, Rhodope's snows, Hæmus, the Bacchanal's cries, and Orpheus.

Probably Gray's name first suggests to the average reader the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." But if you examine his published works, it will be found that in the first volume is the "Agrippina," a dramatic fragment, with some translations from Statius and Propertius, and forty pages of Latin poetry in various styles and meters. Volume second contains not merely a Latin letter written to Richard West in the Ciceronian style, but also a wealth of passages utterly unintelligible to the modern Philistine without a knowledge of the classics. The letters of volume third are also full of classical allusions, while the fourth volume is entirely composed of notes to Aristophanes and Plato.

Even Wordsworth, apostrophizing a daisy, must needs compare it to

A little *Cyclops with one eye*
Staring to threaten and defy.

Do you say that at least the modern poets have broken away from the classics, and that we, in a new world, can afford to neglect the old? Read Tennyson's "Lucretius"; hear Matthew Arnold comparing the wash of the sea on Dover beach to the sound which Sophocles long ago heard on the Ægean; scan Longfellow's titles and note "Chrysaor," "Prometheus," "Excelsior," "Enceladus," "Morturi Salutamus," and the rest of them; and give his "Masque of Pandora" the study it deserves.

Even in our own Gilder, though we expect less classical allusion and more of the human life of to-day in plain English appealing to every human heart, we note such titles as "Mors Triumphalis," "Sanctum Sanctorum," "Pro Patria," "Credo," "Non Sine Dolore," and read such stanzas as this:

Shall greet, ah, who can say! a nobler face
 Than from the foam of *Cytherean* seas:
 Loveliness lovelier; mightier harmonies
 Of song and color; an intenser grace;
 Beauty that shall endure
 Like *Charis*, heavenly-pure;
 A Spirit solemn as the starry night,
 And full as the triumphant dawn of golden light.

Add Gilder's own testimony to the undying power of the classics:

Greece lives, but Greece no more!
 Its ashes breed
 The undying seed
 Blown westward till, in Rome's imperial towers,
 Athens reflowers;
 Still westward — lo, a wild and virgin shore!

But perhaps you say that poetry is only for the few, but prose for the many. True, though our gentleman of

culture should certainly be of the few. Try Macaulay, however, to see what part the classics play with him. That he should write his familiar and popular classical poems, "Horatius at the Bridge," "The Battle of Lake Regillus," "Virginia," "The Prophecy of Capys," and the others, might be expected from one who constantly read and re-read his Greek and Latin authors from year to year. But consider how vastly more intelligible is his English prose to one with a classical training. Take as an example the biography of Samuel Johnson, and judge of the increase in enjoyment and appreciation of it as one passes these words and expressions with a consciousness of their derived meaning: "*exposed* to sale"; "*oracle*"; "*religious* and *political sympathy*"; "he had *qualified* himself for *municipal office*"; "*physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities* which afterwards *distinguished* the man were plainly *discernible*"; "*morbid propensity* to sloth and *procrastination*." These and various other expressions of similar character occur in the first few sentences, within a single half page. As you glance along perhaps you would not hesitate over "impedimenta," "eccentric," "aristocratical," "effigy," "undisputed ascendancy," "aggravated," "incurable hypochondriac," "conceive an unintelligible aversion," "munificently," "sinecure," "subterranean," "sycophancy," "impost," "obloquy," "septennial," "anonymous," "vicissitude," "specimen," "inhospitable," "transcription," "morose cynic," "monotonous," "obviously artificial," "turgid," "superfluities," "concentrated," "prospectus," "malevolent," "lexicographer," "conversant," and the like, if possessed of a fair acquaintance with your native tongue. Yet how much more these expressions

would impress the man who knows their origin and can thus detect the deeper significance of the often blind form.

But supposing the diction to be quite intelligible for all, what comfort will the man without a classical education have as he reads from page to page in this essay and meets successively passages like these?—"On the first day of his residence he surprised his teachers by quoting Macrobius"; "The Blues of the Roman Circus against the Greens"; "It is probable that what he had suffered during his first year in London had often reminded him of some parts of that noble poem in which Juvenal had described the misery and degradation of a needy man of letters, lodged among the pigeons' nests in the tottering garrets which overhung the streets of Rome"; "In 1749 he published the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, an excellent imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal. It is, in truth, not easy to say whether the palm belongs to the ancient or the modern poet. The couplets in which the fall of Wolsey is described, though lofty and sonorous, are feeble when compared with the wonderful lines which bring before us all Rome in tumult on the day of the fall of Sejanus, the laurels on the door-posts, the white bull stalking toward the Capitol, the statues rolling down from their pedestals, the flatterers of the disgraced minister running to see him dragged with a hook through the streets, and to have a kick at his carcass before it is hurled into the Tiber. . . . On the other hand, Juvenal's Hannibal must yield to Johnson's Charles; and Johnson's vigorous and pathetic enumeration of the miseries of a literary life must be allowed to be superior to Juvenal's lamentation over the fate of Demosthenes and Cicero"; "It would be

the height of absurdity in a man who was not familiar with the works of Æschylus and Euripides to publish an edition of Sophocles "; " One Scotchman, bent on vindicating the fame of Scotch learning, defied him to the combat in a detestable Latin hexameter :

Maxime, si tu vis, cupio contendere tecum."

To the reader without a classical education these remarks or bits of literary criticism are as full of delight as the interesting and oft-quoted asseveration that " all Abracadabra is some X, Y, Z " ! Not to urge the frequency of Latin and Greek quotations in Macaulay's essays, and the ever recurring references to classic writers, writings, and themes, how is the reader to make any satisfactory headway with such essays as that on history, or on Addison, or on Lord Bacon, unless he has the background of a classical education ?

The situation is similar if you sit down to Carlyle's essay on " Goethe's Helena," or to Montaigne on " The Education of Children," or to Sidney's " Defence of Poesy," or to Milton's " Areopagitica," or to Cowley's " Government of Oliver Cromwell," or to Goldsmith's " Of Rewarding Genius in England," or to Disraeli's " The Philosophy of Proverbs," or to Charles Lamb's " Complaint of the Decay of Beggars and the Convalescent." Even in our own Whittier, Lowell, and Whipple the classic power has made itself felt. And if the reader is genuinely to appreciate Mr. Hamilton Mabie's " Essays on Books and Culture," he should first know something of his Greek and Latin.

We must not tarry now to show how intimately classic literature and classic life are interwoven with all our other human interests. But the classical teacher must do it for

the inquiring student, be he boy or man, who wants to know, "What good are the classics anyhow?" He must trace architecture back to the Parthenon, sculpture back to Phidias, law back to the Twelve Tables, political liberty back to the simple days of the early Roman republic, philosophy back to Plato, religious institutions back to pagan rites beside the Tiber. Yes, he must trace them, and never lose the opportunity to satisfy that craving enthusiasm for the reasons for things that bubbles out of every youthful heart. He must never put his questioner off with some vague reference to the "magnificent discipline" he is getting from classical study.

Dry indeed are bones rattled emptily without any purpose save to tickle the ear of the groundlings, but in their place these same bones may ever be the source of vigorous life. The vital spirit is in them, and the touch of the master hand shall bring it to fruition. Are there not signs of a new renaissance of classical learning appearing out of the darkness of our greed-ridden age? Shall we not hope to emerge from the clouds of monster trusts, and the collapse of gigantic bubbles, and the mad chase for bonanza mines, and the drowning gasps uttered from rivers of watered stock, and rub our eyes to behold that, after all, "to get" is not synonymous with "to live"? Happy day! Not, let us hope, a vain imagining! Let us give the living spirit of classical study free course in these days of storm and stress, and when our great, lusty, young country shall have got its physical growth and have passed through the veal age, we may hope for that intellectual maturity which knows and enjoys and cultivates all, in times new or old, that makes the real life of the soul worth living.

A FAIR CHANCE FOR THE CLASSICS

"A fair chance!" ejaculates the professor of chemistry. "A fair chance!" chime in the professors of physics and biology. "Why, have n't the classics been the center and circumference of your so-called liberal education during the centuries? Have n't the classics formed a considerable portion of the work required for the degree of Bachelor of Arts in most of our colleges and universities? Has n't a large part of the time occupied by a boy or girl in preparation for college commonly been devoted to the classics? Have n't the classics become a veritable fetish in education, with a factitious importance out of all proportion to their practical value in this busy world at the beginning of the twentieth century? Do the classics wish to possess the whole surface, and the orbit too, of this mundane sphere? A fair chance!" And a contemptuous curl of the lip expresses even more than the words that have preceded it, as our scientific friends turn away in evident disgust.

Not so fast, my supercilious friends! Granted that the classics have absorbed a good share of the attention and study of the learned world during many generations, are we, after all, giving them fair treatment at this very moment? Every true scholar rejoices at the progress and exalted position of science in America, as well in the curricula of the higher institutions of learning as in almost every other department of our widely and rapidly expanding national life. He would surely be but the exponent of

a most contemptible selfishness, who should look with envy upon the munificent endowments and the rare facilities possessed by our best scientific and technical schools. Is it certain that the same generous spirit is everywhere manifested toward classical culture and its representative toilers? Do scientific men among us warm with enthusiasm over the steady improvements in methods of classical study, and over its recent achievements? Or do they look upon Latin and Greek as useless remnants of a waning educational system, the mere exercise ground for idle mental gymnastics, and hope to see them soon give way to something more closely connected with the knowledge and subjugation of the physical world, to which so large a part of the attention of the age is already devoted? Do men of wealth most readily lavish their millions upon classical equipments, or upon the training schools for developing scientific methods of acquiring other millions? The genuine American is justly proud of the world-famous achievements of higher scientific education in his native land. How is it with those of classical education? Is there not constantly manifesting itself in periodical literature and in life an undercurrent of impatience at the steady persistence of classical studies, and a desire to escape from the whole stupid business?

"There must assuredly be," writes a friendly reviewer in *The Nation*, "among teachers of the classics in America, a growing conviction that some special effort must be made if Greek and Latin are to retain the place worthy of them in the college course." Why? What is the matter with the classics and with classical teaching? Certainly nobody is more anxious than the classical instructor to learn

his failings and to broaden his effectiveness. Let us listen intently to some of the prevailing criticisms of classical study and instruction.

I. "There is no reason why the approaches to classical study should be made forbidding." "Make them attractive in the first stages." By all means! That seems to be a leading thought among classical men themselves in these days, judging from the recent textbooks; from the sums expended upon pictures, maps, and lantern slides; from the interest taken in ancient art, history, myth, and antiquities. But, after all, how are the classics peculiar in this respect? Are the "approaches" to other lines of study so very attractive? Do we drink in inspiration from the multiplication table? Are the formulas of chemical reactions "interesting"? Is the child absorbed with enthusiasm over English grammatical analysis, or the spelling book, or the gender of German nouns? We can, no doubt, learn much of our history nowadays from novels, and our English from "Robinson Crusoe"; we can become French scholars through French storybooks, and talk German through "Studien und Plaudereien"; and in the laboratory, while waiting for the liquids to boil and disclose something interesting, we may tell a joke to while away the tedium, and smoke a cigarette to kill the other stench. But these sugar-coated pills and juicy mouthfuls do not suffice alone to build up intellectual strength, without some steady diet of a plainer nature. The athlete must devote himself largely to beef and bread and butter; and, similarly, the mind must do a good deal of hard, often irksome, training, long before the results heave in sight. Even such a critic as ex-President Andrews, in his arraignment of

classical teaching, was forced to admit: "To begin a classical tongue, more or less of hard and cheerless toil must be gone through. To the mastery of the needful accidence no royal road exists." This thorough drill must be given, if at all, in the preparatory schools, that the student may be ready to advance to a higher grade of subjects for investigation. If too much grammar is bad, too little grammar is worse. If the attempt to learn the art of swimming without going into the water is idiotic, the other extreme is suicidal.

2. Owing to unworthy ideals on the part of classical instructors, the methods of instruction are picayune, pedantic, behind the times.

In most colleges [wrote President Andrews] classical culture, in the proper sense of the term, is hardly so much as aimed at. . . . Most of the *odium classicum* (if that is not very bad Latin) of recent years is due to classical teachers themselves. They have not tried to sound the depths of the riches lying at their feet. Students have asked for bread and have received stones.

No keen observer should fail to discover that any past failures of this sort are to be attributed not to a lack of proper disposition on the part of classical teachers, but rather to the circumstances that have attended their labors, and to the crudeness of the material with which they have had to deal. The scarcity of opportunities for teachers to learn their art, and for pupils to get their preparation; the absurd multiplicity of poorly endowed colleges and so-called "universities"; and the killing burden of classroom and routine work demanded of classical teachers, — these causes have long combined in America to retard progress in the methods of instruction and to crush out enthusiastic

ambition toward the best ideals. Doubtless there have been in the past too many cases where undue prominence has been given to dry grammatical drill at the expense of the spirit and the beauty of the classics. But it can no longer be said, without gross misrepresentation of the spirit prevailing among us, that "Sophocles and Plato, Horace and Juvenal, are, from the American-university point of view, almost valueless of themselves" (Mr. King in the *North American Review*). No such state of things is now possible in any respectable American college. If anything has marked the efforts of classical instructors within recent years, it has been the enthusiasm with which they have endeavored to impress upon their students the spirit of the authors before their consideration, and to reproduce the picture of ancient life as vividly as possible. From every quarter the cry has been heard, "Read, read, read!" And they have read, often pushing on with undiminished speed through regions of grammatical difficulty, without pausing to examine very closely the details of the ground, in their eagerness to explore the unknown and to discern new poetical, historical, or philosophical beauties. Indeed, in such a quest there is sometimes danger of forgetting that it is well-nigh impossible to appreciate the charm of delightful surroundings while stumbling over a rock in the path or "taking a header" over a philological unevenness in the road. Greek and Roman literature as literature, poetry from the standpoint of poetical criticism, history with regard to its comparative accuracy and reliability, oratory in relation to its conformity to the principles of rhetoric, philosophy as the foundation of modern philosophical thought, classical art and architecture, manners and morals,

mythology and religion, — such are the topics in the classical instruction of to-day that are engaging the attention of undergraduate and graduate alike in all our first-class colleges.

In all this the instructor must often contend against immense odds. A good many of his pupils look upon classical study merely as something to be endured because it is required, and to be thrown aside as soon as possible. Such students, of course, pursue it with utter carelessness of the quality of the results obtained. Worse than this, however, many of those who might otherwise become successful classicists are so handicapped by their poor preparation to enter college that they never can fall into their proper place in the ranks. Is the teacher of such a class of college students to bear the blame, and to be accused of being an old dry-as-dust foggy, if, recognizing the needs of the minds before him, he heroically turns back from the pleasanter paths of literary enjoyment and conducts the ranks over the toilsome grammatical passes which should have been surmounted long before, toward the happy hunting grounds of the classics?

If anybody still has lingering doubts as to the progressive spirit that animates classical teachers and teaching of to-day, let him examine the recent textbooks put forth by our leading publishers. Let him compare with the Cæsars and Ciceros of a generation ago the editions now in vogue, with their wealth of illustrations, maps, plans, and general reading matter, so ordered that there passes before the pupil a continuous picture of ancient life, represented after the style of the modern illustrated weekly. Let him enumerate the handy editions of classical authors for rapid

reading. Let him notice the attractive little books on antiquities, mythology, geography, and even paleography, that have risen up to deal with every human and practical side of classical study. Meanwhile let him not fail to consider the many learned and exhaustive works setting forth the results of careful research on the part of American classical scholars. Such an observation will convince a thoughtful mind that every opportunity is being sought to bestow upon the student "the grace and glory of the classics."

3. But classical study is barren of results. After years of such study the college graduate has no good working knowledge of Latin and Greek, no literary appreciation of their charms, no command of the languages; he cannot sit down beside the evening lamp and enjoy reading a book of Homer or an epistle of Horace.

Well, how is it in our own language, which we lisp in the cradle, spell out in the primary school, declaim vehemently before snickering mates in the grammar school, murder cruelly in compositions upon Mary Queen of Scots and similar subjects, analyze desperately in maze-like diagrams upon the blackboard, dissect learnedly in college language and literature classes, and spout triumphantly, before fond parents and our best girl, on the glad commencement rostrum? Surely after that experience for a score of years with one's own vernacular, every college graduate should be a master of English! Is he? Does he handle it with such accuracy, and in such an attractive and convincing way, that magazine editors fall over each other in their haste to accept his contributions? Has he an apt quotation from Milton and Bacon ever at his tongue's end? Can he read entertainingly and explain satisfactorily to a

company of friends a play of Marlowe, an ode of Keats, a scene from "Cymbeline," or a book of "The Excursion"? When he sits down by his evening lamp does he proceed to enjoy a Canterbury Tale, or the "Essay on Man," or Burke's "Letters to a Noble Lord"? What means the plaint of the examiners at America's oldest university? and the plague of articles on "methods of teaching English," so burdensome upon the editors of our educational periodicals?

In point of fact, however, the poverty of results of classical education is not nearly so striking as is often assumed. To be sure, of every company of young men sent out into active life, whether from college, university, or professional school, only a small minority wins celebrity, although the present generation is much quicker to recognize and appreciate certain kinds of genius than others, perhaps no less worthy. It may, indeed, be admitted that the majority of our college graduates have forgotten much of their Latin and Greek soon after graduation; but that is a fact rather amusing than serious. It does not apply any more to the classical languages than to any other branch of knowledge. It is but a stale platitude to say that people forget what they do not take pains to remember. Within three years after graduation most of the contents of every book studied in the whole college curriculum has ceased to be a part of the graduate's working knowledge. It is as true of chemistry as it is of Greek, as true of German as it is of Latin. But it does not follow that the college course has been a failure, or that the books forgotten have been profitless to the student, or that no residuum of pure culture has been left in the mind. If Cicero and Theocritus could be

persuaded to forsake the charming society of "the houseboat on the Styx" long enough to take a little trip to New York, they would doubtless be as intelligently entertained in the gorgeous establishment of the University Club as would Voltaire, or Lessing, or Lavoisier, or Kant, or Chaucer. The truth is, that not the number of words, or sentences, or rules, or dates, or formulas, or equations, or facts of any kind which the graduate has retained from his college days is the criterion by which to judge the value of those days to him, but rather the amount of training and preparation his four years have given him to wrestle practically and successfully with the problems that will occupy his attention as an educated man. Judged by this criterion, when have the classics been found wanting?

4. But classical teaching is not "practical"! It does n't train the young mind to observe the phenomena of the external world, and is therefore a hindrance to the scientific habit of thought. It does n't prepare men for the mad struggle of practical life in this age even as well as the self-made man is prepared.

Of course a "self-made man" is a noticeable figure anywhere in life, be he poet, novelist, scientist, statesman, merchant, or what you will. But it is a cold, hard fact that the great majority of the most successful men in a literary, scholarly, scientific, or professional way are the very men that have been through the rigid training of a regular classical course of study. We must not make a rule out of an exception. It is true that "Grant got up out of a tanyard and dealt disaster wherever his sword fell." Shall we then abolish West Point and go to establishing tanyards all over the country?

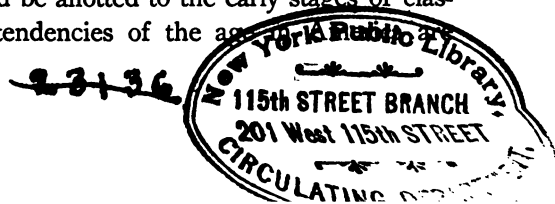
The notion that classical study stunts the student's power to observe natural phenomena is based on absurd logic. A. B. has studied the classics. A. B. shows poor facility in the observation of natural phenomena. *Ergo*, classical study is a hindrance to the development of the scientific mind and method! What reason is there to suppose that A. B. would have done even as well as he has in scientific study, had he not been trained to habits of mental accuracy in observing linguistic phenomena? Only one student in many is satisfactory to a teacher, be it of science or classics. Why throw our disappointment back on somebody else than the student himself? *Non omnes omnia possumus*. Not only would it be reasonable to suppose on *a priori* grounds that the student trained to distinguish fine points of Latin grammar would be so much the better prepared to see what a test tube or a vivisection might reveal; but also, many of those who have had the best chance to put such a theory to the test have found it realized in experience. In Germany, where a severe classical training of many years in the gymnasia precedes a university course, leading scientists have often complained that the training of students who desired to work with them was still imperfect in the matter of Latin grammar, and have urged the maintenance of a full course in Greek as a requirement for entrance to the university in all cases. Hofmann, the celebrated chemist of the University of Berlin, expressed his views thus:

The ideality of academical study, the unselfish devotion to science as science, the free exercise of thought, — both the condition and the result of this devotion, — recede in proportion as the classic basis, such as the gymnasium furnishes as propædeutics for the university, is withdrawn.

"Practical"? What is the meaning of that much-abused word in such a contention? In the narrower sense, for the mass of mankind nothing much except "the three R's" is included. Is geometry "practical" for most men? or conic sections? In the strict interpretation of the word, no. Not one graduate in a score makes any direct use of either after leaving college. Shall we then drop all mathematics higher than arithmetic from our college curricula and insert something more "practical"? If so, what shall it be, judged by a similar standard? Shall it be geology or psychology? If you think German might fill the bill, imagine your graduate trying to talk with a native of Berlin. As for history, the least sense of humor would prevent anybody from suggesting that, in the midst of the general apparent inability in the United States to apply the lessons of history to the "imperialism" movement.

There is a broader and better sense, however, in which all of these subjects of study have their immense practical value. They help make life worth living, and they help man to live a worthy life. And among all the subjects that tend to develop what is best in human life and character, a foremost place must surely be assigned to the ancient classic languages and literatures; for, by their disciplinary value and their cosmopolitan interest, they give any man power to read, listen, and talk intelligently, interestingly, and profitably, and a man thus equipped can defy the world to prevent his highest usefulness and personal enjoyment.

The classics deserve a fair chance. What, then, do they need, in order to have it? In the first place, more time and patience should be allotted to the early stages of classical study. The tendencies of the age



toward living quickly, brilliantly, easily. We should like to "strike a bonanza" in Latin grammar, to open a rich vein in Greek lyric poetry, to invent an electrical memorizer, which would cram rules and dates into us without any severer effort on our part than pressing a button. We are in such a hurry to erect the stately façade of our classical edifice that we have no time to lay any foundation for it. Some people have even taken seriously the so-called "Six Weeks' Preparation for Reading Cæsar"! Why does n't somebody invent a six weeks' "preparation" for a college presidency or for the ambassadorship at the court of St. James? Of course Cæsar may be studied by anybody, at any time, with or without any preparation; but a preparation for it, in the proper sense of the word, cannot be gained in six weeks, — usually not in six months.

Quickness, mental acumen, and tact will accomplish much, but they can never entirely supersede hard work. Why are the Germans the leaders in classical scholarship? Are their sons more gifted than the youth of America? No! our boys are in many ways quicker and more energetic than their German cousins. We play "good ball," we sing "cute" songs, we invent innumerable methods of making school life gay and attractive, and of "getting out of" required duties; in short, we seem to have a genius for almost everything except steady, patient, hard work. There the Germans get ahead of us, being put through long and severe discipline in the principles of the classics from childhood, so that in the university they are ready for real university work, while our college professors must often spend time and strength in listening to mere recitations, and in beating into listless heads common principles

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which ought to be thoroughly mastered in the preparatory school. It is no milk-and-water diet which is administered to the German boy in the gymnasium. His first two or three years in Latin are devoted almost entirely to steady grammatical drill, before any considerable amount of reading is undertaken. Upon this solid and indestructible basis he rears such a structure of acquaintance with Roman literature that before he leaves the gymnasium he has read more Latin, read it more intelligently, and read a greater variety of authors, than have most American graduates. The conditions are similar in Greek.

The young American, however, on entering a preparatory school, is rushed through a Latin lesson book and some elementary grammatical principles in from four to six months. He then plunges into Cæsar, — an author whose pages bristle with tremendous difficulties for a beginner, — and spends a few weary months wrestling with the mysteries of participial constructions and the "indirect discourse," all the while painfully conscious that he must "hurry" if he wishes to get ready for college within the brief allotted time. He then attacks the greatest epic of the Romans and their greatest orator. After "finishing" them, sandwiching in a short course in Roman history and a pitiful smattering of Latin composition, having performed a series of similar operations in Greek on an even smaller scale, perhaps he pursues a year or two of work in the classics in some college, and in the majority of cases then turns away from Latin and Greek forever, to devote his attention to a multiplicity of other subjects. Even such a hasty and careless course has doubtless been profitable in many ways ; but what wonder if it has failed to give the student a

masterly acquaintance with the matchless civilization and culture of Athens and Rome? Where is the reason in spending year after year in repeated drill upon the elementary principles of arithmetic and one's native tongue, and then imagining that a complex language, far more alien to an American boy's natural mental processes, can be successfully handled in half the length of time? It was a most encouraging experiment made in the public schools of Chicago, where a six years' course in Latin was reported as working very well, and with advantage to other courses of study. A preparatory course of not less than six years should become universal at no distant day.

Secondly, the classics need a material equipment and financial support commensurate with that afforded scientific schools and investigations. The old-fashioned idea of a school was that of a bench with a pupil upon it, a desk with a teacher behind it, and a textbook, which the pupil studied and then handed to the teacher, who heard him recite. The laboratories, museums, and apparatus of the present indicate how entirely that conception has been banished from the world of science and the teaching of science; but many people seem to imagine that the equipment of the olden days is still good enough for the classics, — that there is no special need of any modern workshop or first-class tools. In comparison with the technical schools, the magnificent buildings, the extensive appliances, for scientific investigation, the opportunities for doing good work in the classics are yet meager. How rarely do we find adequate special buildings, libraries, and collections representing the art, architecture, antiquities, epigraphy, paleography, of the ancient world! How many institutions place

before their students the current literature on classical subjects? How many really first-class classical libraries are there in the United States? How many thoroughly satisfactory archæological museums do we find?

The ideal classical school would have the most complete buildings, libraries, and museums, and the most learned and progressive classical scholars to direct its work. It would spare no expense to obtain not only all available archæological relics of whatever sort, and ancient manuscripts, but also casts, copies, and photographs of everything that could not be secured in the original. Its students would not only be led up to the most valuable kinds of original investigation in the school itself, but would also have wide opportunity to bring back to it the results of such new investigations and discoveries in foreign lands as the funds thus provided had enabled them to make. Under the guidance of the directors of the school, archæological expeditions would be fitted out from time to time to explore various yet untried fields. The results of this work would be published at regular intervals, and the importance attaching to such publications would be equal to that conceded to the learned utterances of any educational institution in the world. If our college men could be looking forward to entering such a school after the achievement of the bachelor's degree, much of the so-called "*odium classicum*" would speedily become a myth.

Do you say that such an ideal is unattainable? Why so? What is to hinder the establishment of a few such great classical schools for advanced work, and the reflection in miniature of their spirit, methods, and influence in every other classical school in the country? Money will build

buildings, hire specialists, buy books, coins, and the various antiques that are on the market. There is plenty of ancient pottery still lying underground, and many buried cities are yet waiting to surrender to the spade their wondrous works of art. Money will fit out expeditions to secure these, as it has in England, France, and Germany, and more recently in the United States under the management of the Archæological Institute. Money will procure a complete collection of casts of all the important remains of ancient sculpture, like that in the Berlin Museum, scientifically catalogued for the student's use. Is there a scarcity of money in America for such purposes? Certainly not, provided the characteristic American liberality is aroused by the proper enthusiasm.

This brings us, finally, to the third great need of the classics in America, — enthusiastic support on the part of pupils, of parents, and of the public. A considerable part of the American people seem to regard the classics in a manner exactly corresponding to a definition of a deponent verb once given to the writer, that is, as something possessing "passive form and active insignificance"! A similar spirit of unappreciative indifference led men in the Middle Ages to despise the stately marble forms of ancient Roman art as worthy of no better fate than the limekiln — a very absurd idea, no doubt, from our standpoint; but from theirs, intensely "practical."

The "almighty-dollar" temper of the age and the people tremendously retards classical culture in America. Boys and men chafe under the long restraint of classical study, and are in haste to devote their attention to something that requires less patience and produces results apparently

more tangible, — something that will bring them rapidly to wealth and fame. Parents want their sons to make money ; the public honors the man with the large bank account, and he is the popular ideal of the man that has " got there." Science opens many avenues to material success. The work leads quickly into unexplored country, where new discoveries are to be made and original investigation will tell, while the fields of classical study have been longer cultivated and progress is more deliberate. Science is almost daily revealing new life, new laws, new facts, new means to improve the material comforts of life. Our broad land offers abundant subjects for scientific investigation, and no munificence has been lacking to develop these natural opportunities. Moreover, " there is money in it," often very rapidly acquired. There are railroads to be built, electricity to be subdued for our use, farming to be made more profitable, mines to be opened, machinery to be invented, medical and surgical skill to be perfected, and practical politicians to be trained. No such wide range of immediate possibilities for activity stretches out before the classical student, nor is he likely to become rich as a scholar. And so the type of Horace's Roman boy, Albinus, has reappeared in these United States ; he can reckon minute fractions of interest and profit in dollars, cents, and mills ; but the gangrene of covetousness is eating out his life. Meanwhile the words of Arlo Bates with reference to the classics in general are equally true of the ancient classics in particular :

For wise, wholesome, and comprehensive living there is no better aid than a familiar, intimate, sympathetic knowledge of the classics. . . . For him who prefers the outlook of the earthworm to that

of the eagle, the classics have no message and no meaning. For him who is not content with any view save the highest, these are the mountain peaks which lift to the highest and noblest sight.

A boy does n't ordinarily discern much usefulness in Latin and Greek, any more than he does in music, or painting, or poetry. The parent, who sees much farther than the child, owes it to him, then, to direct his enthusiastic anticipation toward the more remote, but also more lasting, advantages of classical study. The man of wealth, who sighs, when it is too late, for the culture that would make possible a higher enjoyment of his wealth, should see to it that the younger generation has the benefit not only of his experience but also of some of his thousands, to make classical study attractive. No nation is more richly endowed than our own with the financial resources, the intellectual forces, and the delicate sensibilities necessary for appreciating and appropriating the ennobling ideality of classical study. It remains only for America to awake fully to the importance of the responsibility thus placed upon her, and, with the same characteristic eagerness that has enabled her already to occupy many of the strongholds of civilization, to seize and hold the most exalted position in classical scholarship, establishing an empire of culture broader and more lasting than any whose existence history has ever yet chronicled.

THE "LATINITY" FETISH

As a working definition, a "fetish" may be described as an object of superstitious reverence. Although Lowell exhibited no semasiological accuracy in explaining superstition as a survival of a worn-out form of belief, the actual use of the word in that sense is often very convenient. The veneration of a fetish begins to wane either when it is shown to be intrinsically less worthy of such veneration than was supposed, or when the march of progress makes it ill adapted to present conditions. The contention of this essay is that the particular fetish mentioned in its title should, for both the foregoing reasons, at least claim a smaller share of attention than it has been hitherto awarded.

Any living organism is undergoing constant change. Some things are being sloughed off and some new tissue is growing. A granite rock is a very respectable mass of matter; it has, however, no vital force. But neither a pansy nor a man is ever exactly the same on any two successive days. Nor are any two pansy blossoms exactly alike. The glory of each living organism is in its individuality. A language is a living thing so long as it is undergoing constant change, and as people use it with the freedom and variety of individuality. When its form becomes rigid and its aspect is the same from every point of view, it is dead. From Plautus to Horace and from Cato to Livy was a far cry; but the space was full of the rushing life of Roman thought, corresponding to the ever-changing life of the

people and the state. In the heyday of Roman comedy nobody had discovered the fatal secret that its master might be guilty of Plautinity. The Empire was just rising on the ruins of the Republic when the cry of "Patavinity" was raised. Henceforth the attempt to freeze poetry into the mold of the Vergilian style, and prose into that of Cicero's stately products, resulted in a lifeless and monotonous feast of reason and flow of soul. Not only was the substance more and more lacking in the qualities that nourish, but it soon came to have too little body to maintain even the desired form, and the artificial literature of high "Latinity" fell, a flimsy fragment, a shell without a kernel.

Here and there, however, an independent, a free lance in literature, struck out a new form and spoke a new message, and the spark of literary life flamed up again. Petronius was more careless of literary conventionalities than the proverbial Gallio; and we turn to him with a sigh of relief, our minds jaded with the elaborate imitations of his contemporary, Persius. And if the truth should be told about Seneca, that other strange product of the same brilliantly wicked age of Nero, do we most relish his stately experiments in imitating the antiquated tragedies of the Greeks; or his attempt to atone, with a theoretical philosophy of life, for his practical violation of the principles he sets forth at such length; or the unconventional diatribe upon the dead Claudius, in which he throws form to the winds and we see the heart of the man and the hateful world in which he lives? There was no other Cicero, no Vergil the second, no Horace the third. But with the decay of old faiths and the growth of the new world-religion of Christianity there came in a new prose and poetry which had its own great

truth to tell in its own way. And on through the centuries of the Middle Ages there were those in Italy, in Gaul, in Spain, in England, in Germany, who in history, or controversy, or didactic verse, or song, sacred or secular, had each his message for the world.

Why have we not continued to read these best examples of Latin, written not merely a century or two just before and after the Christian era, but during the last two millenniums? Because the specter of "Latinity" has been omnipresent. For a while previous to the revival of learning this ghost was apparently laid; but, with the coming of Petrarch and the renaissance of classical ideals and the new worship of classical forms, Latin was slain in the house of its friends. Six centuries have passed away since the birth of Petrarch, and the slow pendulum of literary esteem may be discerned moving back toward a more universal appreciation of all that is good in Latin literature. For some time collections of patristic Latin and of the best of the fifteenth and sixteenth century Latin literature have been in progress of publication on the continent of Europe. A recent volume of that popular collection of books of *Weisheit und Schönheit*, published in the German language at Stuttgart, consists of tales and satires translated from the Latin. Of these only a few from Apuleius, Petronius, and Prudentius belong to that field of Roman literature where "Latinity" is supposed to hold sway; while the bulk of the book is made up of stories by Notker of St. Gall, satires of Amarcus, and selections from Wirecker, Gervasius, Eberhardus, Teutonicus, and from the "Dialogus Miraculorum" of Cæsar of Heisterbach. Mr. Percy Ure, in a recent issue of the *Classical Review*, after reviewing the

new volume of "Die Kultur der Gegenwart," which deals with the Greek and Latin languages and literatures, feels moved to fall into line with Wilamowitz and the other authors of that book, and asks: "Ought we not in England to extend our curricula, at least in the seats of higher education? Is it desirable that our university students (and lecturers?) should practically never read anything written in Greek after Theocritus, or in Latin after Tacitus?" Two or three of our American preparatory Latin textbooks have rather timidly ventured into the broader field in their selection of passages to be read by the young student in the early stages of his acquaintance with the language. But the consultation of college catalogues will show but slight opportunity as yet for more advanced students to go outside the sacred inclosure dominated by the Latinity fetish.

Why should we longer hold fast to the tradition of the Pharisaical elders who began to exalt "Latinity" thus, only after the palmy days of Latinity were gone? To Cicero "Latinity" was the avoidance of solecisms and of barbarisms, not a comparison of all Latin with his own orations and with the journal of the Gallic campaigns of his contemporary, Julius Cæsar. Pray where did Horace, with his *curiosa felicitas*, and his dainty aroma of the cedar in which for years had lain his unfinished product, waiting for the ultimate file, learn Latin? Why, forsooth, from a crude translation of a Greek poem made by a Greek slave before there were any standards of Latinity or any Latin literature to which to apply them! Yet the Grecisms, and archaisms, and colloquialisms, and juicelessness of Livius Andronicus, though so laboriously flogged into Flaccus by Orbilius the *plagosus*, apparently did him no harm, while Orbilius never

stopped to consider their serious defects from the purists' standpoint of Latinity. When Horace railed at the carelessness of Lucilius, did he cease to read him because of his bad Latinity, or did he rather imitate his good points and avoid his faults? The grammar of Plautus and his diction are as far removed from the Latinity of Livy as Livy's is from that of Ausonius; but the critics did not stop reading Plautus in the days of Livy. By the time of Priscian a couplet of Pacuvius might be cited to illustrate a grammatical curiosity, while in Cicero the same passage might be quoted for its literary value. Was Pacuvius to be ruled out of the classical galaxy because he used *incurvicervicus* and *prolixitudo*, *matresco* and *taetro*, and because nearly one half of his experiments in word formation failed to meet with the permanent approval of the Roman literary world? Did anybody shy at Lucretius because he refused to be universally orthodox or consistent in his treatment of prepositions and infinitives, because his poetry was sometimes prosaic, and because he preferred to end his hexameters in ponderous polysyllables?

Quintilian's cautiousness in regard to the alleged "Patavinity" of Livy is worthy of our emulation. "Asinius Pollio," says he, "*thinks* that a kind of Patavinity is to be found in Titus Livy, in spite of his amazing fluency." What, by the way, would Pollio have said to that word, *facundia*, used here by Quintilian? For neither Livy, Cicero, nor Caesar ever ventured to write it. Surely to the fastidious Pollio it would have been conclusive proof of the hopeless provincialism of its Spanish-born friend, an instance of rank *Calagurritanità*! Once more we hear Quintilian speaking of the famous criticism, when he says

that while Pollio detects Patavinity in Livy, for his part everything Italian is Roman, as contrasted with any real barbarism. Which of *us* has been able to detect Livy's Patavinity? Quintilian evidently could not. Nor did he think the attempt worth while, for toward the close of the same paragraph he enunciates the universal truth which should still have recognition: *sed auctoritatem consuetudo superavit*. And in the ever-changing form of the Latin language there has ever been, of course, a present "custom" which justly overrode "tradition."

Why, then, should we slight Boëthius or elevate our eyebrows at mention of Aulus Gellius? Why need we be ashamed to delve into the Church Fathers or to read The Venerable Bede? Why not give even younger students selections from Einhard's "Life of Charlemagne," from the hymns of the Church, from the declamations of Melanchthon, from the colloquies of Erasmus, from the great mass of lyric and dramatic Latin poetry which European scholars have thrown off on occasion during the last fifteen centuries?

I take up Gellius to see wherein consist his sins against Latinity, why it would be dangerous to bring up boys on his anecdotes, and open at his tale of Fabricius and the gift offered him by the Samnites (1.14). The first thing that causes one to stop is the use of *familia* in the sense of "property." But this goes back to the Twelve Tables, and was considered good usage by Cicero. *Tamquam* introducing an assigned reason was good Latinity in the eyes of Tacitus. The collocation *redditam pacem* can be charged with nothing more serious than being a token of the author's individuality. The purpose dative *dono* used

alone, with *obtulisse*, is also along the natural line of development according to Tacitean standards. The phrase *lautum paratum esse* is one in which *paratum* appears to be used as a substantive with the force of *apparatum*. If we grant this at once, without arguing the question of the text or of other possible explanations, grammatically speaking, we have indeed a phenomenon unparalleled perhaps in the "Golden Age," but not unlike many a substantive used in the generations following that age. Finally, though *propterea* alone is less common, and looks forward more often than back, its use in the latter sense is classical from the time of Terence. Surely the immature mind, under the direction of a competent teacher, runs no risk of being radically corrupted in ideals of Latinity while reading this neat little anecdote of Gellius.

Or I turn to a paragraph of Erasmus, in his story of the priest, the vendor, and the impostor; and now the purists vociferate, "*Procul, o procul este, profani!*" But with rash persistence I read:

Sacrificus quidam receperat mediocre summam pecuniae, sed argenteae. Id impostor quidam animadverterat. Adiit sacrificum, qui gestabat in zona crumenam nummis turgidam; salutat civiliter; narrat sibi datum negotium, etc.

Here, to be sure, is a different atmosphere. We note the loose, narrative style, but must not fail to recall Terence's similar manner in the "Andria," for example. We admit promptly that *sacrificus*, *impostor*, and *parochus*, in the sense used here, are nonclassical; that *commodare* with such an object as *tantillum operae* is comparatively modern; that *vehementer congruere* and *mire congruere*, referring to well-fitting clothes, sound a little like the present-day German

slang use of *kolossal*! But how often Lucretius and Cicero felt constrained to apologize for the new words and new meanings of words which their subjects demanded! And was not in his own day and generation a living Erasmus better than a dead Marcus Tullius?

I glance at a convenient edition of Gnaphey's "Acolastus," the Latin play on the story of the prodigal son, first published nearly four hundred years ago at Antwerp, and I see eight pages of closely printed references to passages in classical writers used by the author. Surely a scholar so saturated with the spirit of the ancients ought to be able, in dealing with so interesting and suitable a subject, to teach a reader some good Latin and not utterly to ruin his appreciation of classical Latinity!

Or at random I read one of the lyrics of Joannes Posthius, entitled "De Suo Amore":

Iuppiter horrendo contristans frigore caelum
 Sarmatico largas fundit ab axe nives,
 Nostra tamen rapidis uruntur pectora flammis,
 Nec minuunt ignes frigora tanta meos;
 Quin magis accendunt etiam (quis credere possit?),
 Et gelida flagrans de nive crescit amor.
 Nunc etenim recolo mecum, ut mea saepe puella
 De nive compactis luserit ante pilis.
 Nix, fateor, primos mihi conciliavit amores:
 Hinc eadem flammæ auget alitque meas.

Where in all Latin literature shall we look for a more dainty conceit or for more unimpeachable Latin? At sound of it the "Gradus ad Parnassum" and the "Anti-barbarus" exchange significant glances, relapse into their most complacent smile, and make no move at all to descend from the shelf.

The truth of it is that the Latin of the sixteenth century A.D., or even of the nineteenth, is more like that of the second century B.C. than the English of to-day is like the English of a period one quarter as long ago. The artificial form of the champions of literary conservatism has, to be sure, long since lost some of its potency. But it was as foolish to try to maintain Cicero's style after the death of its master as it was to attempt the continuance of the republican constitution after the life of the Roman republic was gone. Cato and Cicero perished in the useless struggle against the politically inevitable; and the best inspiration of Roman literature perished in the struggle against the stylistically inevitable.

How long must we go on sacrificing youthful enthusiasm on the altars of a similar conservatism in the worship of the Latinity fetish? Granting that Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil are the best models of Latinity, can we claim that the centuries have shown that the youthful mind waxes enthusiastic over them, appreciates them, and assimilates their style, as shown by their Latin prose composition exercises? What would you think of the pedagogical wisdom of a teacher who should introduce a beginner into English by making him read blocks of from twenty-five to fifty lines a day, for several years, of Macaulay's "History of England," Burke's speeches, and Milton's "Paradise Lost"? Do we insist on Shakespeare for babes? Do our modern-language contemporaries begin with "Faust" and "William Tell"? Oh, no! They smear with honey the edges of the bitter cup and coaxingly inquire, "Do you see the great green goggles of my red-coated aunt in the long white automobile?" Horace laughed at the

conservatism of the schoolmen of his own day, who forced him to learn Latin from Livius Andronicus ; but we have lost that sense of humor, so far as Latin is concerned, and are still following in the wake of Orbilius. To be consistent, we ought to require every boy to learn his English from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" ! As a matter of fact we learn English to-day from the *Times*, Edith Wharton, and Mr. Dooley, while William Shakespeare and Francis Bacon are obliged to wait for a more convenient season. Of whom will our children learn it ? Who can tell ? That they will learn it, however, we may be sure ; nor need we fear that publishers of *de luxe* editions of the English classics will be obliged to go out of business even if George Ade should claim a place on the same shelf with Alexander Pope.

Why not follow nature somewhat more readily in Latin also ? A beginning has been made, indeed, in these last days ; but, as I have already said, it seems to be too timid, and followed with too little enthusiasm. One of the latest and best of the books of reading selections for young students contains, besides the proper amount of Cæsar (I would by no means discard Cæsar or the other traditional authors !) and the purely modern exercises, two selections from Phædrus, three from Valerius Maximus, two from Pliny's letters, three from Erasmus, four from Horace, and one each from Nepos, Livy, Ovid, Plautus, Catullus, Terence, Vergil, and Tibullus. Good ! Why not go still further ? Why omit Gellius and Macrobius and Martial ? Why not include letters of Lipsius and poems of Scaliger ? Why not have more Curtius, and even Velleius Paterculus and Justinus, some Seneca, Suetonius, Tertullian, Prudentius,

Bernard of Cluny, and Thomas a Kempis, not forgetting the inscription upon the *sepulcrum hau pulcrum pulcrae feminae*, nor the *Testamentum Porcelli*? Why reserve most of the tidbits for the occasional student of Roman literature, and run the risk of convincing the masses of Latin students that Latin is insufferably dull and that nobody with red blood in his veins would elect it after the stupid days of its requirement are past? Must the traditional curriculum be preserved at any cost?¹

Perhaps the question is a more practical one than we realize. Curricula are changing. Latin, like Greek, is being jostled from its occupancy of the middle of the road. Doth it not behoove the pedagogical divinities of the classics, for the nonce, to set down their ambrosial cups of scholarly investigation, and, forsaking temporarily their intermundane spaces, to descend among men, take human counsel, and observe whether, in the unceasing downward procession of the atoms, there are any tokens of a speedy dissolution of the world which they have hitherto known?

If the readers of this essay detect in it signs of heterodoxy, it remains for them, as for all seekers for real values, after washing away the useless matter, to discover, underneath, those shining grains of truth which heterodoxy is ever wont to contain.

¹ Since the above was written a practical German schoolman by the name of Christian Harder has proposed that the Latin reading in the gymnasias shall follow a carefully arranged and considerably broadened curriculum, in which Cæsar's "Commentaries" shall be much curtailed and many hitherto unusual authors from Cato to Boëthius shall find a place, notably Velleius, Justinus, C. Gracchus, Suetonius, Lucilius, Propertius, etc., the course being rounded off with a consideration of the relations of Greek and Roman literature, the coming in of Christianity, the transition to the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance.

THE USE OF TRANSLATIONS

There is reason to believe that when Prometheus in fashioning man took some elements from every creature he took at least two parts of mule to one of ox ! At any rate a consistent and persistent resistance to everything that is supposed to be disciplinary is characteristic of mankind, especially of youth. So when the wisdom of maturer years arranges courses of study designed to secure mental training, the cunning of youth proceeds forthwith to devise ways and means to avoid such training. The eye is fixed on the goal so intensely, and the childlike enthusiasm to arrive at once is so all-absorbing, that the shortest way across lots appears the best, and the obstacles along the path are knocked aside with little regard to consequences.

The present age, — in which the slogan is, in colloquial expression, "get there all the same" — is peculiarly liable to indulge such a spirit in the educational world, except in physical culture. If a boy is in training for "the team" and needs leg muscle, he does not plan to get it by hiring an automobile with which to cover a dozen miles of road. But if he is supposably after mind training, he immediately strives to acquire the diploma or other insignia of such culture, regardless of the intermediate steps. If the ground of algebra is to be covered, he procures a "key" or a book in which some member of the preceding class wrote down all the answers. Instead of mastering the Latinity of Livy he strives to "pass up" on a certain amount of it

by reading somebody's translation. Instead of taking notes himself on chemistry lectures he borrows those of his neighbor or hires those of a thrifty "coach." When an essay is due he consults the encyclopedia and swiftly and painlessly produces a wonderful patchwork of another man's ideas. If he reaches commencement day, an enterprising firm will, for the proper consideration, supply him with an oration ready-made. And if he finally fails of his degree, several paper institutions are ready to sell him any known degree for a reasonable sum! He cheerfully accepts the dry bones of form for the living spirit of truth and attainment. It often seems to work for the time being, but the day of reckoning can always be found without looking too far ahead on the calendar.

It is clear that classical students are not the only sinners in these matters. Teachers of mathematics have fallen into the habit of frequently changing textbooks for the fresh problems that they offer. A gentleman of my acquaintance has it among his proudest boasts that when at Harvard he made a snug little sum by translating within a week's time a German play upon which the class had just started, and of which no available English translation existed. Indeed it is whispered that a famous speech of a well-known university president may be found in all its essentials in a certain volume in a university library.

Among classical students translations are the particular vehicle by which riding is attempted where it would be better to walk. "The nature of the beast" is recognized in the various euphemistic designations,— "horse," "pony," "trot," and even "Jack"! Inasmuch as there are certain authors whose works must be read by every well-educated

classical scholar, it is natural that such use of translations should spring up, owing to the steady demand and supply. A practical and timely question is whether methods of teaching are always such as to reduce the evil results of the practice to a minimum, and whether further improvement is possible in this line.

It is not the author's intention to deny that translations made by a master hand, and judiciously used by advanced scholars, may have an important and useful place. When a practical knowledge of the Latin language, for example, has been already acquired ; when the thought presents itself to the reader's mind at sight of a page of the original ; when the student needs no longer to concentrate his attention upon the structure of the language ; when a translation is no longer to be used to slight difficulties rather than conquer them, — then indeed to consult such translations as that of "Lucretius" by Munro, or Conington's "Persius," Cranstoun's "Tibullus," Martin's "Horace," Tyrrell's "Cicero's Letters," or Reid's "Academica," may serve a valuable purpose in stimulating to elegance of rendering, or suggesting happy turns of idiomatic expression.

It is not with such use of translations for genuine scholarly purposes that we are now concerned. The belief that the disadvantageous use of translations by immature college students has been increasing, and has extended down into the secondary schools very generally, and the suspicion that our professors and schoolmen are treating the matter with too much apathy, have led to a little investigation of the facts in the case, and the results have suggested a few conclusions which may possibly be helpful.

On the occasion of this investigation, blanks with four questions to which answers were requested were sent out to the professors of Latin in twenty-five representative universities and colleges, from Minnesota to Tulane, from Bowdoin to California. Courteous replies were received from twenty of these, that is, from four fifths of the whole number, giving the information desired from a good proportion of the leading institutions in all sections of the country. The investigation might have been extended into the field of Greek, but the results would probably not have been essentially different.

The first question was, "What proportion of the students of Latin at your institution do you think are accustomed to use English translations in the preparation of their assigned reading lessons?" Of the answers, six did not venture any estimate; one said "not many"; one, "a large number"; one, "a large proportion"; one, "one tenth"; one, "one fifth"; two, "one quarter"; two, "one third"; four, "one half"; one, "four fifths or more." It appears, therefore, that of those willing to express any definite opinion one half believe it probable that at least one half of the students in question are in the habit of using translations in preparing assigned lessons, while the others estimate variously, from one in three down to one in ten. In two of our largest universities the practice was believed to be decreasing. Recent utterances, however, would seem to indicate the probability that, on the whole, it has greatly increased within the last few years in both school and college.

The second question was stated thus: "Do you consider the practice advantageous on the whole? Please

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state briefly your reasons *pro* or *con*." A classification of the answers shows that one considers "the practice advantageous for college students, provided the translation is a good one." One does "not think the occasional use anything objectionable." One recommends translations for making up large amounts and for reading the balance of works that cannot be finished in class, but ordinarily not for freshman work. Three, while not approving the use of the ordinary literal translation, think that metrical versions of merit, and even sometimes good prose renderings, may well be recommended to the class. One states his opinion thus: "It hurts ninety-five for five it benefits, I think. For the five who will use translations for a ladder to climb by, the ninety-five will use them for a crutch to hobble on." The other thirteen regard the practice as an unmixed evil, and express their disapprobation of it in various emphatic ways like these: "The practice produces laziness and prevents real knowledge"; "The practice is disastrous — no one can learn to walk who always rides a pony"; "No. Constant use of translations causes the student to drift farther and farther away from the spirit of the Latin"; "I think nothing could be worse than the use of translations if the student ever expects to know Latin"; "By no means. I regard it as dangerous to morals, — a peril to the best work of the students and generally demoralizing." It seems, accordingly, that only one of the twenty cordially recommends regular use of translations, while an overwhelming majority earnestly deprecate the practice.

The third question, "If you do not consider it advantageous, what methods, if any, do you employ to discourage or prevent it?" evoked a considerable variety of replies.

One believes that frequent change of textbooks is useful. Another makes an effort to make the study of Latin more interesting. Three employ close questioning on grammatical details or other matters. Two see to it that examinations are mainly on other lines than translation of Latin previously read. Four emphasize sight reading. Five resort to moral suasion. Six make large use of chrestomathies, or of works more rarely read, of which translations are not so easy to procure. Seven are in the habit of advising classes against the practice. Four do nothing at all.

To the fourth question, "What suggestions would you make to prevent, regulate, or improve such use of translations by American college students of Latin?" five had no further answer to make, and most of the others brought forward suggestions already made in describing the practices now followed. Some accordingly recommend moral suasion and advice; others, sight reading. Some urge the use of chrestomathies and the more unusual authors; others, more close and accurate work. Some propose that the examinations be of such a character that weaklings cannot pass them. One suggested the "exposure of flagrant instances," presumably by making a fool of the student in the classroom; others, the requirement of intelligent reading of Latin without translation. One hesitatingly proposed a boycott of firms that sell translations to students.

The facts brought out by this little investigation are, that the use of translations is much more common than most of our instructors approve, and that, while various methods are tried to check or minify the evil, there is no general agreement as to ways and means, and some are inclined to ignore the matter and excuse the practice by postulating

possible advantages. Meanwhile the practice has been rapidly extending down into the secondary schools.

If we should look a little deeper than we have done thus far, we might find further cause for this condition of affairs in the extreme to which many of our educators would carry the idea of personal liberty and freedom of choice, mentally and morally. From the old idea of a prescribed curriculum we passed first to a moderate elective system, applicable mainly to higher college classes. Then the principle was easily extended in some degree to the under classes in college. Before long it began to be suggested that complete freedom of choice should prevail from the beginning of the course, and that a given degree need not stand for a given kind of work, but for anything that the boy fancied he preferred. At the same time that the particular kind of mental discipline gained from classical study ceased in some quarters to be considered a necessary part of a liberal education, and that a certain amount—a particular number of hours—rather than a given kind or quality of work came to be the requirement, it became more rational, to a superficial observer, to cover the ground as easily as possible rather than as thoroughly as possible, in order to minimize, so to speak, a necessary evil. This condition happened to be coincident in time with a widespread disposition to treat young people morally as if they had already completely learned to distinguish between good and evil, and as if parents, instead of holding the reins, should turn them over to the children. Symptoms of reaction have developed here and there in the springing up of curfew ordinances, passing of anticigarette laws, and the like.

How long must educators wander in an irrational wilderness before discovering that it is nonsense to treat freshmen or sophomores, even in our highest institutions, to say nothing of high-school boys, like German-university students? Why do we chase every pedagogical will-o'-the-wisp? When a prominent New England educator tells a great teachers' convention, practically, that the elective system should begin in the cradle, and that a boy should never be forced to study anything he does n't want to study, why should anybody welcome the preposterous idea as if it were a new revelation from the skies? Does n't all nature protest against this doctrine? The very waving branches of the trees, the bending grasses of the fields, the gamboling kittens on the lawn, the birdling in its downy nest, know better. They must learn to resist buffeting, to triumph over difficulties, to struggle among their kind, to suffer hardship and peril. Rarely, if ever, does a human being come to successful maturity without discipline in doing what he does n't want to do. If every young fellow were an accomplished Latin scholar on entering college, we might use the *laissez-faire* method in dealing with this matter of translations. But that is far from being the case, either at the Golden Gate or across Back Bay.

To the claim that a good translation is a help rather than a hindrance it must be replied that this is so only under ideal conditions, where an unusual student, with plenty of time, after reading his Latin passage without the assistance of a translation, then compares his work with that of some master of the art of translating. But, in the first place, immature students will not usually choose the best translation. Secondly, in most cases they will not use

it in a judicious way. School and college life is so full of other interests than studying, and genuine mental effort is so laborious, that the quickest method of sliding over any given ground is in great demand, and the temptation to use a translation in a lazy and corrupting way is too great to be successfully resisted by the average young man, if he understands that he has the approval of his instructor for the use of such assistance. Thirdly, no matter how much ability a young man may have to read Latin at sight, if he has any regular assigned reading lessons to be prepared for translation in a class, he misses the benefits to be gained from the preparation of such translation in a careful, self-reliant way, if he employs somebody else's work to boost himself. It is the very careful work in the study of words and their various meanings, in framing phrases, and in evolving a logical and beautiful sentence structure representing the thought of the original, that constitutes a large part of the value of classical study. It is significant that the wail of insufficient training in English is heard so loudly in these latter days from quarters where the translation of the classics into good English is less usually the result of independent effort than was once the case. If the young student does not need to translate at all, well and good; if he does, let him practice doing it himself, first, before availing himself of the results of other men's work. Mental acquisition without mental effort is always ephemeral. To hurry over a lesson with a "pony" is as fruitless of lasting benefit as to have it read over by a bright classmate.

It is in no small degree due to the growth of such practices that classical study has become relatively less popular, and that so few students find themselves capable of

pursuing the advanced college courses in Greek and Latin departments. At heart we all depise sham. If we resort to it under stress of circumstances or because of common usage, it produces ultimate disgust as well as the consciousness of weakness. A boy in this state of mind will naturally, as soon as the required amount of Latin is completed, turn away to some other subject, partly because he does n't really enjoy such sham work, partly because he knows himself not a master of the subject, and so not prepared for higher courses. "If I had not been such a fool as to get into the habit of using translations in school," said a bright young college man to the writer, "I should have continued my work in Latin and made a specialty of it." His experience is all too typical.

It is time that teachers of the classics, both in college and in secondary schools, agreed to present a more united front against this tendency, which most of us so heartily deplore. To this end the following remedies for the evil may be suggested.

1. It should be definitely explained to each class that the practice will prove detrimental to the best scholarship, and that therefore the student is not expected to employ such methods, any more than to use unwise or dishonest means in any other department. This declaration should not be followed by espionage, but the student should be made to feel that he is expected to act in accordance with the advice given. Those instructors who believe there is a real advantage gained from the use of a good translation at times, should assign special lessons occasionally, to be prepared with the aid of a given translation, in which lessons such requirements should be made of the student

that he will feel it a different case from the everyday reading, but no easier.

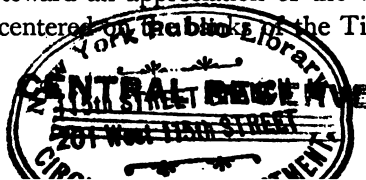
2. Too much stress should not be laid upon translation in classroom work, but much variety of questioning, of lecturing, of explanation, should convince the student that the help he gets from a "pony" is at best but slight, — that, indeed, "a horse is a vain thing for safety"!

3. Examinations should be mainly, so far as their translation is concerned, on passages not before translated, thus calling for the acquirement of ability to translate rather than for previous covering of some special ground.

4. So far as feasible, such textbooks and such frequent changes of textbooks should be the rule that both the student and his bookseller shall be discouraged from dealing largely in translations.

5. Finally, the teacher should constantly endeavor to awaken enthusiasm over the study of the classics on the part of the learner. As soon as a boy or a man becomes thoroughly interested in the study of the Latin language, his desire will be a different one from that of the mechanical performer of certain irksome linguistic tasks. In proportion as Rome, her history, her people, her life, her language, become alive to the imagination, will his zeal quicken in the endeavor to enter into the spirit of things Roman. An inspired teacher can do much toward making his pupils oblivious of hard benches, dusty maps, and dead sounds. The purpose of such pupils then will cease to be to get rid of as much Latin study as possible; it will rather conform more nearly to the mood of the guide of their thoughts toward an appreciation of the wondrous civilization that centered on the banks of the Tiber.

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